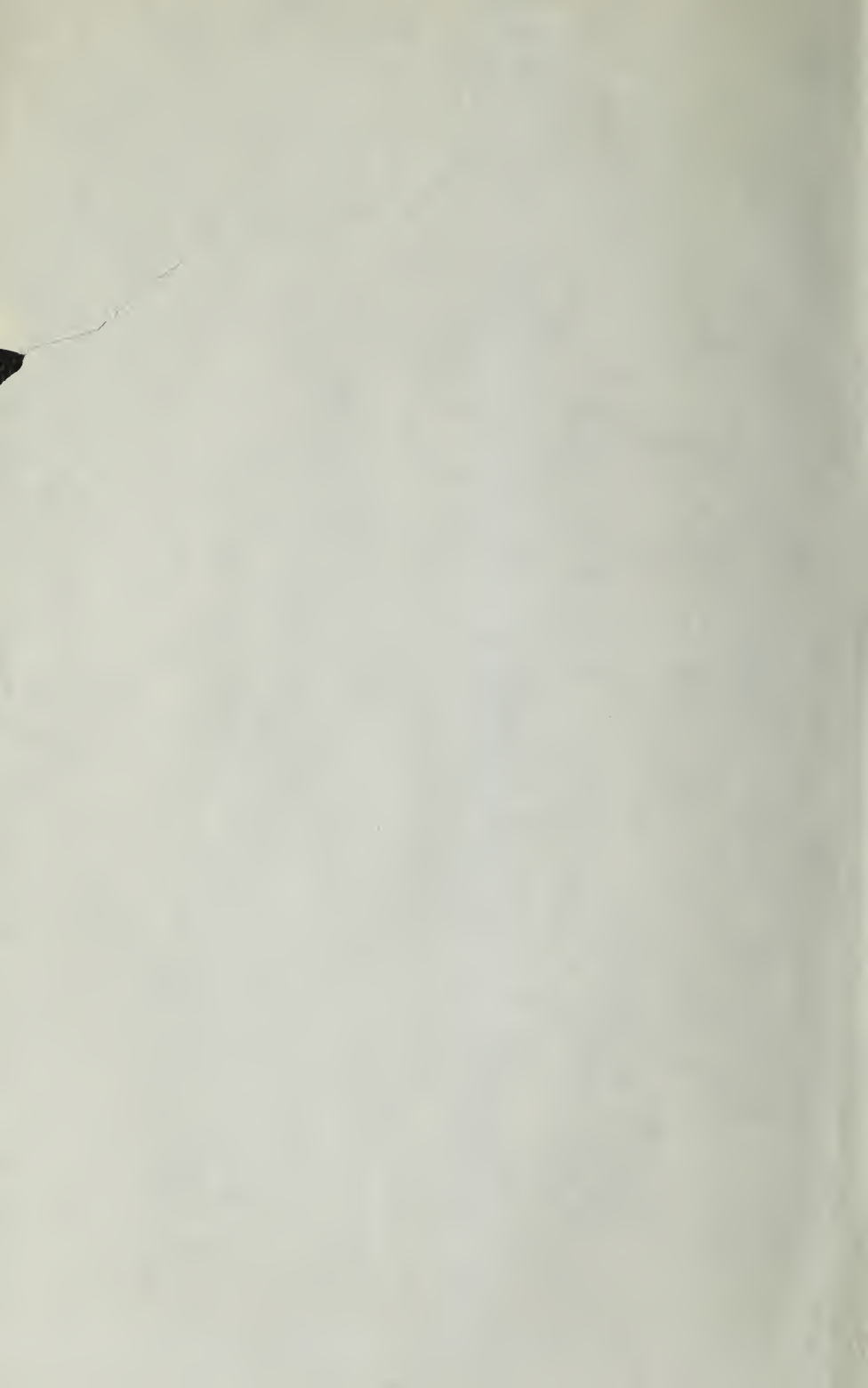


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Princess's Pantomime, 1863-4.

Lessee, Mr. GEORGE VINING.

1864
Jan'y 25
Monday

HARLEQUIN

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OR THE

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AND THE

OLD WOMAN WHO LIVED IN A SHOE:

BY

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ESTABLISHED 1827.

LITTLE TOM TUCKER.

SCENE I.—OLD COCKER'S CABINET OF CALCULATION.

"One, Two! buckle my shoe!
Three, Four! shut the door!" *Nursery Rhyme.*

OLD COCKER *discovered, at desk, attended by Pupils engaged in Arithmetic.*

CHORUS.—Air, 'Old Men's Chorus,' *Faust.*

Multiplication is vexation,
Division is as bad,
The Rule of Three, that puzzles me,
And Practice drives me mad.

[*During Chorus, Pupils express their difficulty in working out their sums, and are at last brought to order by Cocker's cane.*]

Cocker. [*Rising and coming forward.*]

What is the use of keeping Evening Classes
For pupils who all prove such precious asses?
To work again! a prize you ought try for—
Arithmetic is what you ought to *sigh* for.
If you at once the balance do not strike,
I shall add something that you will not like.

[*Cocker looks over sums—Pupils express dismay, as well as despair.*
Not one sum right! No blows we use in school;
But this is my exception to the rule.

[*Cocker administers punishment.*

And now I'll show the prize you *should* have had,
If all your lessons had not been so bad.

[*Music.—Cocker opens door of Cabinet, and discovers a handsome large Volume, inscribed 'The Princess's gift for all good Boys and Girls.'*

Till more you learn, I keep this in my locker.

Chord.—*Through cover of Book, the little HALF HOLIDAY appears.*

Half H. Quite right! and quite 'according unto Cocker.'

Cocker. And who are you? you are *very small*.

Half H. Just so;

I'm only a *Half* Holiday, you know.
But I have relatives who come out strong;
Christmas, for instance, who is six weeks long.

Cocker. Stop, I'll put on my conjuring-cap this minute,
Though some have said there is not a great deal in it.
My magic figure's put *you* on the shelf;
Numbers help one, when one can't help himself.
Of your appearance me they will be ridding;
You'll see how quickly they will do my bidding.

Gen. Res. 24 June 47 Spencer 24 Dec 88 Huntington

Who ho! employment I've for all to-night,
 Figures to work, and make the total right.
 One, Two! buckle my shoe!
 Three, Four! shut the door!
 Five, Six! pick up sticks!
 Seven, Eight! lay them straight!
 Nine, Ten!

[Music.]

Half H.

Stop, my turn, then.

All work, no play, makes Jack the duller boy,
 Appear, all those who give to school-boys joy.

[Music.—Half Holiday strikes scene with wand, and it changes to

SCENE II.—HOLIDAY'S HOME.

“Bounce Buckram! Velvet's dear!

Christmas comes but once a year?” Nursery Rhyme.

HOLIDAY, attended by Christmas, Easter, Midsummer, and Michaelmas, and retinue, representing the High-Days and Holidays of the year, including Twelfth-Day, Shrove-Tuesday, Valentine's Day, All Fools Day, May-Day, and Guy Fawkes's Day, now make their appearance.

Holiday. Behold me, with these followers in my train,
 Who come to lighten youthful hearts again.
 I bring you marbles, kites, trap-bat and ball;
 Come with a hoop as well as with a call;
 Show you rare sport—the rich Twelfth-cake is mine,
 Mine Pancake-day, and blithe St. Valentine;
 The first of April, May-day, old Guy Fawkes's,
 Plays, presents, pantomime, and Christmas-boxes;
 In short, for being here, to give a reason,
 I am the merry Genius of the Season.

Cocker. Well, never mind, though now you are quite at home,
 You'll soon be over, then my turn will come.

Holiday. But soon I'm here again—pshaw! anger smother,
 We should be friends, we both help one another;
 Without there was some work I could not be,
 And you teach all the better, too, for me.
 We've found that secret out—a great improvement—
 We here support the early-closing movement.
 My little friend, Half Holiday, they bespeak
 Each Saturday, for London, every week.
 And merchants in the city, every one,
 Will tell you now their work gets better done.

Cocker. But all my numbers will be idle.

Holiday.

True;

Send numbers here and see what I can do.

SONG, HOLIDAY.—Air, ‘Isabella, the Barber's Daughter.’

'Twould really be a pity if we didn't, in committee,
 Settle something in a ditty, as both might agree;
 Say a story of the cradle, to be fascinating made,
 With a joke or two upon it for the old to see.
 I've wisely the knack such a tale to prepare,
 Which shows, beg your pardon, I've of learning a share.

It's the kind of thing to tell-er

Boy who's just the sort of fell-er—

His father lets him come and stop to see the fun.

[Short dance by Old Cocker and Holiday, and the High-Days and Holidays, and change of scene to

SCENE III.—EXTERIOR OF DAME TUCKER'S DWELLING..

"Taffy was a Welshman, Taffy was a thief,
Taffy came to my house and stole a leg of beef."

[*Nursery Rhyme.*

Dame Tucker's Children waiting for their supper—DAME TUCKER enters to them, with empty basket.—Marked Music.

Dame T. I've carried home the mangling things; dear me!
Had ever Dame so large a family?
So many are they, that it's sad, but true,
I really with them don't know what to do.

[*Clamour of children crying for 'Supper, supper!'*

Supper, although the ground floor lies before ye,
You always get up to this supper story.
Well, let me see what I can find within;—
There, be good children, as you've always been.

[*Dame Tucker takes basket into Shoe—Children in joyful anticipation of the result—Dame returns, with large basin of broth and ladle—Children crowding on her.*

Dame T. What I've inside shall be, by prudence guided,
Amongst your small interiors now divided.
There, mind it's very hot, a sniff's sufficient—
I've got no bread, in bakers being deficient.
But this nice broth I have taken pains to cook,
So strong, it takes your breath away to look.
Of such nice articles, I'm proud, as author.
A little broth, there, now your little brother.

[*Administering broth by ladle.*

The next, that's quite enough; now Wilhelmina,
Pray leave the ladle for poor Clementina.
There, Master Jack—now don't begin to roar;
You've now had all—there isn't one drop more.

[*Children murmur dissatisfaction.*

What! not yet satisfied? then this instead
Must warm your backs and send you off to bed.

[*Rapid Music.—Dame gets large birch-rod from Shoe, and chases refractory Children round stage, birching those she can catch—Children go into Shoe.*

Dame T. [*Breathless.*] It don't seem motherly to give hard spats,
But if I spare the rod, I spoil the brats.
I have some consolation found in one,
That's Tommy Tucker, who's my eldest son;
Besides being handsome, he is good and dutiful,
And draws and paints the village signboards beautiful;
He sings, too, and, though some folks think it strange, he'll
Play upon the fiddle like an angel.
I can't tell where he got his learning so,
He didn't get it out of me, I know.

[*Little window in Shoe opens, and Child's Head, in nightcap, appears.*

Child. Mamma, mamma, Joe's pitched me out of bed.

Dame T. Tell Master Joe, I'll come and punch his head.

[*Window closes—Music—Exit Dame into Shoe.*

Butcher enters, with large piece of Beef—knocks, and Dame re-appears at door.

Dame T. There's some mistake.

Butcher. [Reading direction.] No, marm, it's meant for you ;
For the old woman living in the shoe.

Dame T. But I've no money, what is to be done ?

Butcher. All right, Dame Tucker, paid for by your son. [Exit.]

Dame T. The darling boy, so thoughtful, I adore him ;
How meet it is to send this meat before him.
I'll hang it up to get a little tender ;—
Stop, this end up, and heaven bless the sender.

[Suspends joint over Shoe.]

Tom. [Singing, without, to Violin accompaniment.]
There was an old woman lived under a hill,
And if she's not gone, she lives there still.

Dame T. His voice and fiddle, bless his little heart !
He loves me dearly—now the second part.

Tom. [To remainder of air, still without.]
There was an old woman, and what do you think ?
She lived upon nothing but victuals and drink ;
And though victuals and drink were the chief of her diet,
This plaguy old woman could never be quiet.

*TOM TUCKER enters, with violin, at the last bar of Music—embrace—
Tom hangs up fiddle and bow over door.*

Tom. My dear mamma, behold your Tom returned,
With money in his pocket fairly earned.
Look here, [Showing coin.] a piece of silver, darling mother !

Dame T. Oh, Tom !

Tom. And, don't be frightened, here's another !

Dame T. Where did you —

Tom. Ah, well worked for, I assure you.
[With affected pomposity.]

Know a distinguished artist stands before you.
The house of Tucker boasts a noble scion ;
I've painted such a beautiful blue lion.
Oh you should see his tail ! why, not to flatter all,
You'd fancy you could pull it, it's so nat'ral.

Dame T. Ah you're a genius ! When you long before
With treacle daubed your little pinafore,
I said a painter that you ought to be.

Tom. Well all's for you.

Dame T. What, all this wealth for me ?

Good gracious ! it's enough to make one giddy !
Ah ! it's a struggle for a lonesome widdy,
With such a family to bring up tidily ;
But you're the flower of the flock decidedly.

Tom. There, say no more about it, mother, do ;
But tell me, there's a mystery in this shoe—
I long to know it.

Dame T. Well, in days of yore—

Tom. Now for a tale of leg-and-ary lore.

Dame T. There lived a giant, who from this point started—
Long since his foot from that shoe has departed—
But here, the terror of the country round,
He lived—then left—and this was all we found.

Tom. He left that shoe behind him?

Dame T. And a son.

Tom. Taffy the Welshman?

Dame T. That's the very one—
After his father, he takes all he can.
A kleptomaniac, some folks call the man,
But he's an ogre, with a mouth capacious,
An ogre who devours all.

Tom. Oh gracious!

Dame T. Our farm destroyed, by giant unforgivin',
The monster's shoe was all we had to live in. [Moon rises.
But see, the moon is up, it late doth grow;
You know your bed, the old place in the toe. [Trumpet without.

Tom. What means that martial note? this sonorous strain.

Dame T. Taffy's been up to something wrong again.

Hurried Music.—Enter the King's Herald, followed by a throng of Villagers.

Herald. [Reading proclamation.]

Oh yes! oh yes! whereas the Princess Mary,
Out without leave, being always so contrary,
Was stol'n this morning, to the King's great grief,
By Taffy, Welshman, and surnamed the thief,—
Whoe'er the Princess to King Cole shall bring,
Will get a rich reward! Long live the King!

[Exeunt Herald and Villagers.

Tom. Heard you that, mother?

Dame T. Ah, I did, good lack!

Tom. Mine be the hand to bring the Princess back.
With early morn my journey I'll commence,
Find where the Princess has been taken hence,
And rescue her, or perish!

Dame T. My brave lad!

You ought to make a mother's heart feel glad.
But then the danger!

Tom. Danger! pooh, absurd!

Tom doesn't know the meaning of the word.

[Stage darker—Moon goes behind a cloud—Dame lights Tom to bed.

Melodramatic Music.—Taffy appears, from back, and looks round cautiously, examines premises, finds all quiet—goes to pig-stye, is attacked by Sow—goes to hen-roost, is attacked by Cock—intimates that he has come in search of food for his captive, climbs Shoe, looks through skylight, buckle, &c., seeing if there is anything he can lay his hands upon.

Chorus of Children. [Within Shoe.]

Hush-a-bye baby, in the tree top,
When the wind blows, the cradle will rock;
When the bough breaks, the cradle will fall;
Down comes the baby, cradle, and all!

[Taffy falling at the finish—at last he sniffs the leg of beef hanging up, he unhooks it, but finds it awkward to carry—sees Tom's fiddlestick, the very thing—uses it to sling the beef over his shoulder.—Chord—Dame, appearing through buckle, throws her shoe at him—he steals that, and hurries off—noise of Poultry and Pigs repeated—Cock appears, and comes down to front, with a tremendous crow.

Cock. Cock a doodle doo ! Dame has lost her shoe !
 Master has lost his fiddle-stick, and don't know what to do !
 Cock a doodle doo !

Rapid Music.—All the inmates of the Shoe aroused, and Tom goes off in pursuit, accompanied by Cock.

SCENE IV.—TAFFY'S RETREAT, IN THE LAND OF LEEKS.

Early Morning.

" Little Tommy Tucker,
 Sings for his supper ;
 What shall he have ?
 Why white bread and butter." † *Nursery Rhyme.*

Taffy rushes in with beef, in triumph, and after various strange doings, enters Cave.—Tom now enters, fatigued with pursuit, followed by Cock, dejected, who cheers him with a feeble Crow.

Tom. So fast I've run, my breath begins to fail ;
 Even this jolly Cock now drops his tail.
 Such fair fidelity the fowl has shown, he
 Shall be henceforth my friend, a dear old crony.
[Another feeble crow.]

Bright chanticleer proclaims the morn, indeed
 He's a crow-nometer that can't mislead.
 This is the spot where Taffy lives, they say,
 But, if he does, he's not at home to-day.
 I see no sign of any habitation.

[Hurried Music.—Tom's attention called by Cock to sky.]

I beg your pardon, what's your observation ?

[Hurried Music.—A white Dove, pursued by a Hawk, flies across—Tom fires arrow at Hawk, intimates he has hit him, and, followed by Cock, rushes to rescue, returning immediately with the wounded Dove.]

Tom. Poor fluttering thing ! that Hawk, which close did press,
 Would soon have left you in a hawkward mess.
 There, rest in safety, he's destroyed, your foe ;
 We've wiser grown, and let our small birds go.

[Music.—Tom places Dove in a bush, and then expresses faintness.]

I thought I wanted something—sleep ! no wink of it—
 I haven't had my supper, now I think of it ;
 And here it's breakfast time before I sup—
 I'm getting down, when folks are getting up.

SONG.—Air, ' *Old Dan Tucker.*'

Oh I wish I had something nice to eat,
 I feel one meal is incomplete ;
 Some Goosebery-Jam on thin slices spread,
 Or anything equally nice instead.

Chorus. [Without.] You shall have your way, Thomas Tucker.

Tom. What do you say to Thomas Tucker ?

Chorus. [Without.] Don't delay, for Thomas Tucker
 Wishes much to have his supper.

Tom. Where these sounds come from, I can't guess,
 But they my feelings quite express.

I've bread and jam from my mamma,
But here I'm not par-ti-cu-lar.

Chorus. [*As before.*] Cut away for good Tom Tucker!
Nothing to pay has Thomas Tucker!
Don't delay, for master Tucker
Very much requires his supper.

[*Air repeated, piano.—Table rises, with large Loaf, Butter, and Jar, labelled 'Gooseberry Jam.'*]

Tom. What's here? this burden to a song's suspicious!
With bread and butter, *jam* too, how delicious!
Oh, well, I *jumais!* that means, well I never!—
That's all the French I know, but that sounds clever.
This bread and butter looks most tempting, *but* it
Would be more handy with a knife to cut it.

[*Chord.—Knife appears on table, Tom sips, the Cock sharing.*]

Chorus. [*Without.*] Little Tommy Tucker sings for his supper;
What shall he eat? White bread and butter.
How shall he cut it, without e'er a knife?
How will he marry, without e'er a wife?

[*At end of Chorus, Tom finishes, table descends.*]

Tom. True, as one cannot cut without a knife,
One cannot marry, well, without a wife.

[*Bush changes to Bank of Flowers.*]

Fairy SILVERBELL appears.

Fairy. Be that my care, I'll find you one to love.

Tom. A Fairy!

Silverbell. Yes, in me you see the dove
You rescued from a hawk—'twas kind to pity her;
My form's now changed.

Tom. [*Bowing.*] You couldn't take a prettier.

Silverbell. To be a bird may seem a little strange,
But, once in every hundred years, we change
Our bodies for three days.

Tom. There's nothing in it,
Ladies on earth their minds change every minute.

Silverbell. You seek that great Welsh ogre, who has got
The Princess in his power, do you not?

Tom. I do.

[*Silverbell waves, and Bush disappears, discovering an Entrance.*]

Silverbell. Behold the cavern where they dwell;
I'll aid and bring you other aid as well,
You and your faithful follower advance,
Invisible to every mortal glance;
One drop of dew from this rare flower once pressed,
And where you go, your presence won't be guessed.

[*Silverbell touches each.*]

Tom. Dear me, if mother could but see me! would'nt—
Pshaw! I'm invisible, of course she couldn't.
But how shall I grow visible again?

Silverbell. [*Descending.*] Enquire within, time will the rest explain.

[*Music.—Tom thanks Fairy, and, with Chanticleer, enters Cave.*]

SCENE V.—CONTRARY MARY'S GARDEN OF SILVER BELLS AND COCKLE SHELLS AND MUSSELS, ALL OF A ROW.

“ Mary, Mary, quite contrary,
How does your garden grow?
With silver-bells and cockle-shells,
And cowslips all of a row.”

Nursery Rhyme.

MARY enters, disconsolately, followed by TAFFY, who tempts her in vain with various presents.

Mary. Punished indeed I am, to be so bold;
Oh, why did I not do as I was told?
To be imprisoned by a loathsome creature,
Who hasn't even one redeeming feature.
This garden's nice, I know, but I can't quit it;
Go along do, sir—no, I shan't permit it.
I own that, hitherto, I've had civility—
That Taffy's even shown that *af*-fability
Which might have graced a gentleman, I vow it.
[Taffy advances.

No, keep your distance, sir, I don't allow it.

[She throws him from her.—Taffy, angry and perplexed, brings on Welsh Harp, and tries a chord or two, without producing any effect on Princess Mary.

Mary. Nor does that harp any changes bring about;
The change I want is *you*—a *far*-thing out.
The chords you touch will never strong appear;
I wish to be released, sir, don't you hear?

[Taffy wildly throws Harp off, and gives a few steps of a Wild Dance.

Nor song, nor dance, unless with some one properer,
Will ever make me pleased with such a hopperer.

[Taffy becomes desperate, and seizes Princess, when Tom and Cock appear (invisible.)

Tom. [Crossing.] What's this I see! thus treat a fair Princess!
Who wouldn't aid a woman in distress?

[Astonishes Taffy, who goes off.

Mary. [Astonished.] From me some fairy my tormentor tore.

Tom. [Advancing to Mary.] Some knocks I gave on coming to a-dore.
But here I also come, too, with a ring.

Mary. [Looking round.] Sure some one spoke! a man?

Tom. The very thing.

And one that loves you dearly!

Mary. [Looking round.] Well, so be it;
But here let me observe, that I don't see it.

Tom. [Kneeling.] Behold me at your feet, though 'pon my word,
If she can't see me, [Rising.] that's of course absurd.
Well, in your ear love's accents I would pour—
I'm Tom!

Mary. That name I've surely heard before!
Tom. To which add Tucker, and you have a name,

I think, not wholly quite unknown to fame!
I came to rescue you from durance vile,
Assured the pains I take are worth my while.

[A richly-caparisoned prancing horse appears at side.

From Taffy's rock he'll bear you swift away!

[*Mary seats herself on horse, assisted by Tom.*]

Mary. It's a nice rocking-horse I need must say—
But I *must* be *contrary*, still perverse, and so!
I *won't* be rescued, therefore let me go.

[*Tom tries in vain to persuade her to keep on the horse.*]

Tom. Then Taffy here again asserts his power.

The Temple of SILVERBELL rises in centre, and discovers the Fairy.

Silverbell. And he'll exert it, too, within this hour.

For by a magic charm to him well known,
All who are obstinate he turns to stone.

[*Taffy appears, and petrifies Mary, who becomes a stone image on horseback, which disappears at Taffy's command.*]

Tom. [*Madly.*] I've lost my wife!

Silverbell. [*Soothing him.*] Though great your present loss,

She forms the statue now at Banbury Cross.

Music hath power to warm her stony breast,

You have your fiddle, I'll provide the rest.

[*Gives bow.*]

This magic bow of harmony's the soul,

Replacing that the ruthless Taffy stole.

Haste thither, and, when donned in finer clothes,

Let her have music wheresoe'er she goes.

Now to your toilet, then commence your toil,

And Taffy's plottings you shall quickly spoil.

[*Toilet-Table appears in Grotto.—Tom and Cock express thanks, and follow it off.*]

SONG, SILVERBELL.—Air, 'Come, let us be happy together.'

Oh, I'll make them live happy together,

For ever, and also a day,

As the fairy-books tell us—but whether

They all tell the truth, I can't say.

Tom Tucker shall wed the fair Mary, *contrary*

Although she did prove to her pa;

And I'll answer for her, it again won't occur,

She will hence be as mild as her ma;

Nor to aunt say, 'I shan't!'

Or 'I won't!' or 'I can't!'

So they all will live happy together,

And that's the most sensible way.

[*At end of Song, Silverbell waves wand—Shells open gradually, and discover Fairies.*]

GRAND BALLET.

SCENE VI.—THE BLACK DIAMOND CORRIDOR, IN THE PALACE OF OLD KING COLE.

"Old King Cole, was a merry old soul,

And a merry old soul was he;

He called for his glass, and he called for his lass,

And he called for his fiddlers three." [*Nursery Rhyme.*]

Attendants, headed by Chamberlain, rapidly cross the stage, and enter the Royal Bedchamber, with various restoratives.—Chamberlain, having dismissed them, is about to follow, when he is met by Doctor, at door, followed by Courtiers.

Chamberlain. Of all you ordered he has had supplies.

Doctor. He comes, I've recommended exercise.

Air, 'Old King Cole,'—Old KING COLE enters, feebly, leaning on the shoulders of two Pages—he gazes vacantly around him.

King. Old King Cole was a merry old soul.—It's strange
How soon a sovereign goes, when once we change.
I hear my subjects say, when they're accosted,
That coal in England's getting quite exhausted.

[*With returning energy.*

It may be true, it certainly is cruel ;
But what's occurred to Cole would make a *few* ill.
My daughter, ha ! ha ! ha ! my cheeild, my Mary !
Why were you disobedient ? why contrary ?
Didn't I humour all your little fancies ?
Didn't I let you learn the newest dances ?
Buy you the last new song, the latest fashion ?
Nor scolded when you flew into a passion ?
I said, 'Miss, don't go out !' you said, 'Don't care !'
And off you're taken, nobody knows where.

[*Doctor remonstrates, and produces medicine, labelled 'bark.'*

Doctor. My liege !

King. Throw physic to the dogs—bark, pooh !

And where you throw your physic, you go, too.

[*King gets rid of the Doctor, Chamberlain, and Attendants.*

My Mary, I would hope your habitation
At least is in some airy situation.
Torn from me, and by Taffy—oh, for action !
Revenge ! despondency ! despair ! distraction !

SONG, OLD KING COLE.

Oh, what by a King can be done,
Of jokes who is so economical ?
He hasn't an atom of fun,
And he doesn't know how to be comical,
Doesn't know how to be comical.
In misery steeped to the brim,
A laugh would be really a charity !
He would give up his crown for a grin,
And his head for a little hilarity.
Glumpy, mumpy, iddity,
Keep my mouth open wide, oh !
Jumping about with rapidity,
Few take the exercise I do.

A song and a dance you'd suppose,
Would make a man blithe as a linnet ;
[Knocked down by the hardest of blows,
He would smiling come up to the minute,
Smiling come up to the minute.
But the slightest sensation of mirth,
To me would be really a *mi*-racle ;
Oh, was ever a monarch on earth
So awfully hypochondriacal ?
Glumpy, mumpy, &c.

Air, Major Longbow.'

But that is a tune too slow,
 Quicker's the one I'll try,
 I only wan't, I know,
 The op-por-tu-ni-ty.
 Doctor's, more than half
 What they say is fibs;
 Can't you make me laugh?
 Poke me in the ribs!
 Jokery, jeery, quiz,
 Frisk, and frolic and fun;
 For the dullest king wot is,
 Can't you make a pun?

Oh! I'm very jolly, yes, a jolly king am I, now;
 Put me in good humour, do pray try now!
 For, upon my word, I feel much more inclined to cry now.
 For I am indeed a poor old soul!
 Oh, my daughter, sure you ought'er
 A' known me better far,
 Than ran away so cruelly,
 From your own fond papa!
 But when I catch you, soon I'll let you
 Know just who I are!
 But I laugh and quaff and chaff, I know I shall repent it;
 Never was a king like poor old Cole!

[The dance of desperation.

Re-enter Chamberlain and Attendants.

Chamberlain. Where's the king?

King. Here! there! and everywhere, he
 Seeks, far and wide, his darling daughter, Mary?
 Slave, have you found her?

Chamberlain. Sire, I would report
 That which I saw—

King. I rather think you ought!

Chamberlain. But know not how to do it?

King. *[Belabouring him.]* Then I'll teach you.

Chamberlain. Oh, sire, no more such lessons, I beseech you;
 But, as I looked towards Banbury, methought
 I saw—

King. *[Impatient.]* You saw?

Chamberlain. I saw—

King. Come, saw it short.

Chamberlain. A statue rise up, in the Market-place,
 Of stone—it had the Princess Mary's face.

King. If thou speak'st false, thou hang'st to yonder tree;
 If truth, why then you'll much astonish me. *[Enter Herald.]*

Herald. Sire, crowds are gathered round old Baubury Cross,
 To see a lady on a fine white horse,
 Both carved in stone.

King. In stone?

Herald. And, what is more,

The features are the same the Princess bore.
King. Fetch Zadkielissimus, who reads the stars.

[Herald exits rapidly.—Zadkiel appears with magic crystal.

Our daughters now will not be ruled by ma's.
But if my daughter had a planet, try, sir,
If stone, to find what will macadamize her.

[*Mysterious action of Zadkiel—both at once looking into crystal.*]

King. I don't see much as yet—stop! oh! ah! hum!
Upon my ear some strains of music come.

Chorus *without*. Ride a cock horse to Banbury Cross,
To see a fine lady upon a white horse!
With rings on her fingers and bells on her toes,
She shall have music wherever she goes.

King. Wherever she goes! a capital manouvre!
Music is then the only thing to move her.
Give me my glass; and come, my fiddlers three,
You are as fine a fiddler as can be.

Page brings on glass—and three Fiddlers enter.

With these, the sons of harmony so rare!
No band in all the empire can compare. [*Cock crows without.*]
What mean these sounds, my royal nerves that shock?

Enter Herald.

Herald. My liege, 'tis I, the early village cock,
Who's thrice done salutation at the door,
Here seeks admission— [*Cock crows again.*]

King. Who cried out, encore?
Let him approach!

Enter Chanticleer, elaborately embellished, with letter in beak.

King. [*Taking letter and reading.*]

What's this? where from? who wrote it, whither sent?

Ah! this but pricks the sides of my intent!

Hasten to Banbury—I know the hand—

I send you a conductor for your band!

Follow his footsteps, he will bring you, ah!

Where the Princess awaits her royal pa!

I'm off at once—Away with the cock horse,
[*They try to stop him.*]

No fiddling here; but off to Banbury Cross.

SCENE VII.—BANBURY CROSS AND MARKET- PLACE, WITH STATUE OF PRINCESS MARY ON HORSEBACK.

“ Ride a cock-horse to Banbury cross,
To see a fine lady on a fine horse,
With rings on her fingers and bells on her toes—
She shall have music wherever she goes.”

Nursery Rhyme.

Peasants, and TAFFY, disguised in a cloak.—Enter a Herald, then KING COLE, preceded by Cock and followed by his Three Fiddlers, Pages Courtiers, Chamberlain, Doctor, and Guards.

King. 'Tis true. In that stone statue I can trace
The features of my long-lost daughter's face—
The rings on fingers, and the bells on toes—
She shall have music, so she shall, here goes.

[*The Three Fiddlers, at his command, strike up, but, enchanted by Taffy, produce discord.*]

She doesn't move! how like her! It's too true,
The thing we wanted she would never do.

Enter TOM, with Fiddle.

Tom. Permit me, sire, to venture and begin
With a short solo on the violin!

SONG, SILVERBELL.—Air, 'We're coming, sister Mary.'

We'll assist you, sister Mary,
And will make you happy yet,
If you'll not prove so contrary
As once you used to get;
For the fairies like to succour
All those who are good and young,
And soon, Mr. Thomas Tucker
Shall say as I have sung.
Yes, I'll assist you, Mary,
Will make you happy yet;
For you won't be so contrary
As once you used to get.

[Air, 'Believe me, if all those endearing young Charms.'

King. She moves her head—Hermione did so.
Tom. This also is a Winter's Tale, you know.
By that same nod is approbation shown;
The statue likes the fiddle for its tone.
Now, then, to give your royal heart relief. [*Going round group.*
Tinker! tailor! soldier! sailor! apothecary! ploughboy! thief!
Cock. [*Advancing to Centre.*]
Cock a doodle do! serve him quite right too.
Master's found his fiddlestick, and now knows what to do.
[*Tom triumphantly rushes to the Statue, which he touches with his bow—it descends, discovering Mary as it vanishes.*

SILVERBELL appears.

[*The scene changes to*

SCENE VIII.—THE MOONLIT ABODE OF THE NAUTILUS, AND GRAND FAIRY CONGRESS ON THE BANKS OF THE SILVER LAKE.

THE TRANSFORMATION.

Silverbell. [*To Tom.*] Mary, no more perverse, here take as thine,
Obedient now, as graceful Columbine. [*Change.*
Tom Tucker, your reward will here begin;
Your Christmas prize you have as Harlequin. [*Change.*
Holiday. [*Entering.*] For Fun no Holiday can come too soon.
Add to the number as a Pantaloon. [*Change.*
Silverbell. Our friend, King Cole, must not be left behind,
But, as Clown too, some fun for all must find. [*Change.*
And Chanticleer, his master to befriend,
Shall yet, in motley guise, his steps attend. [*Change.*
Holiday. Now, then, away; with frolic, fun, and roar,
Silverbell. End Sixty-three,
Holiday. And welcome Sixty-four.

(*Harlequinade Commences.*)

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Clown	Mr. CHARLES LECLERCQ.
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Half H. Your work is done, Tom now may seek his shoe,
And go to roost with Cock-a-doodle do!

SCENE THE LAST.—HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

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Will love his wife and rôle,
If he can send all here to bed
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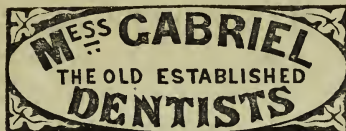
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